How to Keep House Well and Not Be

PAULINE PRY AS A REFORMER

What a Bureau of Domestic Economy Might Result In.

VIEWS OF HOUSEKEEPERS

Vritten Exclusively for The Evening Star. o YOU KNOW I that the government



appointed special agent to assist the government in this great and glorious undertaking. I went into the kitchen the other day, and the sights, sounds, smells of that infernal region killed me on the spot. I died a newspaper woman to arise a reformer. From this time on you'll find me pawing the air and preaching the emancipation of my

downtrodden sex. But talk about your emancipation of woman that works through the intellect by way of the ballot box-rot! I tell you, anybody who really means to insure the female nation life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness must work the revolution through the kitchen, by way of men's stomachs. For what doth it profit a woman if she carry a presidential election and her husband have indigestion? Yea, what doth it profit a woman if she win the whole world and lose her cook? Oh, this is simply an awful question, tull

of snags, snakes and hid-ous specters. I've been lying awake nights with it the past two weeks, and scurrying around days see-ing what I could do about it. I have been to see Commissioner of Labor Wright to enacea to offer; I have been to beg the secretary of Agriculture to establish a bureau of domestic economy, and I have traveled like a census taker from house to house, asking women I knew and women I didn't know, what shall save us from this bondage of sin and death that is called bousekeeping?

Daily Experiences. First. I want to tell you some of the ex-

periences of housekeepers that I have learned. Then I want you to know how far the government has gone into the study of housekeeping. Last, if I die for it, I'm going to write down my own advanced ideas about housekeeping, and beg every other woman with advanced ideas on the same subject to send them to me, and I'll not only put them in print, I'll try them on the dog, if it uses up every cur in creation.

When I set out to have an experience meeting of housekeepers, I dropped off a car, where I happened to be when the idea seized me, and rang the bell of the house I came to first. It was a handsome house outside, and within was somewhat the ele gance of a first-class cabinet shop, indiidualized a bit by a touch that was clearly feminine and refined. The woman who presently entered was the keynote to this

Housekeeping would be a simple task for me," she said, "if it were possible to obtain reliable servants. I was trained in orderly ways as a child, and my husband, who is an army officer, is sufficiently the martinet to insist upon order in his surroundings at any cost. He has the order of the day written in black and white and posted in the room of each of the childrenwe have two-and my own orders are quite as clear, if not issued in just that form. I am to see that the house is spotless without there ever being manifest any of the confusion attendant upon cleaning up. Accordingly, as we breakfast at 8, I arise at 8, to drill the housemaid in properly performing her duties on the parlor floor be fore the rest of the family descend. I get the girl finally so that she is able to do this without my assistance, then just as I am ready to take my ease in the morning. feeling that so much of the machinery is rurning smoothly, the girl quits, or the cook has a spell-a screw falls out some-where, and I have to fit in. This morning my cook-a man-has used such violent language to me that I have him locked down in the basement, and when it's absolutely necessary for me to go below to in my pocket. I have the washing done at because my experience is that it can't be done properly outside. Then it costs three times as much to put it out.
"I do the marketing myself. Our staple groceries, of course, we get from the com-

missary stores. For the rest I market as my husband likes to eat. It is rather expensive, because he will not have any thing brought on the table a second time no matter how I may strive by artful cook to conceal the genesis of things. Our ery to conceal the genesis of things. Our friends seem to enjoy visiting us, and everybody, including my husband, admits I'm a spiendid housekeeper. But look at

I was looking right at her and groaning inwardly to behold her thin body, her bony, nervously clasped hands, her face, that, despite the galvanized society smile it wore was anything but cheerful, sallow, worn and worried as it was.

"How much does it cost us to live?" she repeated after me. "Well, aside from my flesh and blood and peace of mind that goes to keep the pot boiling, I reckon our pay would always be hypothecated a month or two ahead if we didn't draw constantly on my private funds."

"Does there occur to you any way out of the awful mess of housekeeping?" I asked. "Yes," was the prompt reply, "suicide or nunnery. Under existing circumstances, plaughter is the only salvation."

Not Living, but Boarding.

Emerging from this house, I ran across the wife of another officer, whom I had not seen for a long time. When I asked her where she is living now, she answered: "I'm not living; I'm boarding." Then when I expressed surprise that she had abandoned her charming home, she said: "We hadn't much choice. You know we began with two servants. Soon we had to have a third. Presently it became evident that everybody, including myself, would be worked to death if we didn't have four. Then every one of the four declared she would have to look for an easier place if we didn't get a fifth, and then the colonel you know he only swears upon extreme provocation—the colonel said he'd be d—d

people any longer. So we shut it up and went to boarding ourselves." At five succeeding houses that I called I was told the madam was not at home. This was before 11 o'clock in the morning. It was a row of houses, and servants from three of them had abandoned the work of cleaning halls and doorsteps to congregate on the walk for a visit at one of the other houses. The maid thrust her head out of the basement window, in response to the bell, and after laboriously crowding something she was chewing into one side of her

if he'd keep a boarding house for colored

mouth, called out with the other side: "Ain't nobody to home." At the next house, to which I was ad-mitted, I encountered a lady with higher aims than housekeeping. She said that if I wanted to know anything about how she kept house I would have to see the cook, for Eliza tended to all that. She herself wrote articles for the papers and did a great deal of charity work, so that she really had no time to look after things in her own house. Yes, she had one baby, but mammy took entire charge of that. child made her nervous, and as for housekeeping, that made her downright sick. Eliza did all the marketing, and her husband paid the bills. No, the meals and the work were not always done to suit her, but she thought women who cultivated their intellects could always rise above domestic difficulties. She did. When the meals weren't nice, of course it made her husband mad, but she had got into the habit of disseminate knowledge, not only of nutritive value of foods, but of nutritive cookery, architecture and landscape gardening. plunging into an article or a new book, and

in that way she was able to forget her atomach. No, she was not strong. She had

A Real Home, but the Mother a Slave. The next house I visited was free from frills outside, and within, it was a home. I knew in advance the sort of woman who was mistress of it. Sure enough, she was gentle, she was gray and she was dressed in gray. She was the mother-the homemaker I would put in a story for girls whom I wanted to impress with the happiness and success a woman may achieve in

a strictly domestic life. A young woman could not help opening her heart to this aye-motherly body, and with asking her how she kept house I poured into her ear all the dreams I have of reorganizing housework so that a housewife may do her full duty in the do-Sestic sphere, and at the same time have leisure and liberty in the world.

At the mere mention of leisure and liberty her blessed eyes filled with tears, and she said: "Oh, I cannot tell you how my heart has ached all my life long because housekeeping has left me no opportunity to develop my mind. My mother died when I was fourteen years old. We lived in New England, where servants were not to be had, and only a very few kept help. We kept none, and at fourteen I had to quit school to do all the housework for my father, brother and sister. I did all the cooking and baking and scrubbing and cleaning; all the ironing and usually the washing, and I made my father's shirts and all the clothing for myself and the younger children. Many, many is the night I have gone to sleep crying, because when bedtime came I was so worn out with work I could not keep my eyes open to read, and I have slept with perhaps a copy of Young's 'Night Thoughts' or 'Paradise Lost' under my pillow to be read a few minutes on waking in the morning before my father would call up, 'Come, Mary; time to get breakfast.' I married at nineteen. Then there was my husband's home, and later the little ones to absorb my time and energy. We have five in family, and I take as many boarders as my home will accommodate, in order to keep my daughter in college. My house is well ordered, I know. I do the work myself with the assistance of one servant. I do the marketing, and we bake our own bread. I have the washing done in the house. But while all this is done successfully under my hands, it leaves me little better than a slave. My chil-dren, it is true, are affectionate, but they cannot help knowing they have long ago outstripped me in their education. I am not a companion for them-cannot be. I am too much a servant, and my influence over them is correspondingly diminished. I feel that my whole life has been a sacrifice—a

the necessities of housekeeping are, I don't see how it can be any different." Born, Not Made.

The next housewife I encountered was proof positive that housekeepers, like poets, are born, not made, and that our social fabric ought to be constructed so as to have all the housekeeping done by born housekeepers, while women who are born something else attend strictly to their own business.

burnt offering of the cook stove-and it

does not seem just, though as servants and

This born housekeeper's face was happy enough to set one to shouting glory. "How do I keep house," said she, while she rocked in the midst of her shining surroundings, everything, even her face, reflecting sunlight. "Why, I keep house as my mother did; and old Dr. --, who visited all the best houses in Washington in those days, said that my mother was the best housekeeper in the city. She reared me to do housework and take pride in it. I was taught other things, too-plain sewing, fine needle work, tapestry and the making of wax flowers, besides studying music and loving it; and I was early given practical instructions in charity. When I was no more than eight years old I was sent among the poor to help nurse the sick and polish up the unclean. I can see myself now, standing on a chair every Saturday to scour the cupboard shelves of an woman-a shoe binder-who had got crippled with rheumatism. For a year and over I went every morning to get this old woman out of bed and wash and dress her; and then, as I went to school, my mother would send her breakfast by me. Yes, my mother was the best housekeeper and the best woman in Washington, and my father the cleanest man. He retired on his fortune ten years before his death, and the day of his death said to our pastor that in even temperature. his whole life he had never done anything to be ashamed of. Being the daughter of such people, I can't help being clean. don't leave my house to servants. I look after it myself. I never go out on sweeping day, and I do every bit of dusting my-self. I had a friend tell me yesterday that sweeping day is the day she always goes out, and I thought, if I did not say it, 'As anybody could tell just to look at the chandeller in your hall.' Another friend told me, oh, she had such a jewel of a girl a perfect treasure. I went to her house

one afternoon at half-past 2, and my friend was out, and the whole house upside down, cleaning. Now, that's something I couldn't stand. My cleaning has to be done early in the morning, one room at a time. I believe a house is to live in every day in the week, and I don't believe in upsetting everything and everybody to clean one day, so that you may live in peace and be dirty the rest of the time. Pretty soon my friend with the jewel let the jewel go. She wasn't particular with the corners, my friend said, and I told her, no wonder, and you around the corner while your home

was being cleaned! No, ma'am; I don't think a woman can keep house properly and be a charity worker or a professional or be anything but a housekeeper. Comwith me. Now, I'm not ashamed of that." Nor had she reason to be. She had ushered me into her kitchen-polished and scoured to the last degree. She opened closet doors, one after another, and all the while she was doing what I'm sure I wouldn't dare. She was still serene, radiant, even, with the self-satisfaction of the rare woman who has no doubt that her

vocation lies within the walls of her home.

Good Hearted, but Discouraged. The next woman I met came into her pretty parlor with a couple of toddlers clinging to her skirts. "Don't ask me my ideas about housekeeping," she said. "I have kept house till I haven't an idea left. I don't have any time to read, and as for thinking, if I stop to think I go crazy. I just keep my eyes on the treadmill and don't look beyond the next step I have given up my friends, and I rarely go to the theater, because when I'm ready to go out the bables cry, and all my courage goes. I have had advanced ideas about housekeeping, but I can't keep my courage up long enough to push any of them to a finish. I keep one servant, who takes less interest in her work the longer all my own sewing and work with the servant every day. We spend all we make, and, oh, dear, what it all amounts to but worry and wearing out, I'm sure I don't know. I dare say I am a poor manager. I was a good school teacher before I was married, and, perhaps, I got married too late to ever hope to master the profession of a married woman. You can't teach an old dog new tricks, and it's the greatest mistake in the world if anybody thinks there's no trick about keeping house. It isn't instinctive in women by any means, and yet if a woman wants to study good housekeeping where's the school in which

Bureau of Domestic Economy. This hopeless query from this discouraged, little, good-hearted woman was so to the point of designs I had upon the government that I turned my feet toward the

department of labor. Commissioner Wright told me that the department of labor has never concerned itself with the conditions of domestic labor. The commissioner said, however, that some time ago he perceived that food is an ele-mental consideration of the industrial greatness of a people, and therefore, on his personal responsibility, instituted an inquiry into the nutritive values of foods, with a view to enabling everybody to eat

Prof. Atwater of Wesleyan University pushed this investigation, which more re-cently was recognized by the government, Congress appropriating \$10,000 for the as-sistance of Prof. Atwater, whose work is now fathered by the Agricultural Depart-

ment. ment.
To the Agricultural Department, therefore, I went, braced by a knowledge of the theory underlying Professor Atwater's endeavors, to ask the Secretary why this theory should not be extended in applicarough a bureau of domestic economy

If, as Commissioner Wright perceives and Congress admits, it be essential to the en-durance of the American people in industry dyspepsia and sciatica and every once in and ultimately as a nation that they be intelligently fed the study of nutritive we have learning to cookery is no less a proper subject for of Hall's Hair Renewer.

WOMAN'S PROBLEM

ride a bicycle. To be sure, they would be in awful shape if Eliza should ever leave them—she guessed they'd go to boarding or take a flat and have a caterer.

A Real Home, but the Mother a Slave.

A Real Home, but the Mother a Slave. ernment is going into the kitchen to look after the marketing and cooking of the people it ought to pay some attention to the houses of which the kitchen is a part

and educate the people in architecture and landscape gardening.
Perhaps I don't know what architecture is. It may be altogether a matter of Queen Anne front and Mary Ann back to ircrease the value of real estate and look up to your neighbor. But I lately took an object lesson in landscape gardening from Frederick Law Olmsted, and learned that here is an art designed to serve man with reference to human life first, and human vanity afterward. Well drained land or that which can be well drained, good sanitary conditions in the neighborhood, convenient and comfortable approaches to a house-these are a few of the practical points about which the landscape gardener can tell you things never dreamed of in your untaught philosophy of what makes a

happy home. But I didn't have a chance to tell Secretary Morton the thoughts I have on land-scape gardening, happy homes or much of anything else directly. I said: "Mr. Se retary, you urge in your report careful consideration of all other domestic ani-mals; why not do something for women and establish a bureau of domestic econ-

orny?"
The Secretary at once told me that paternalism in government has gone far enough and that we want to do away with a few bureaus instead of establishing new ones. "The stability of this government," said he "depends on the self-reliance of its individuals. Thousands of dollars are being thrown to the dogs in this department now. Whether a man wants information or anything else, unless it costs him some-

thing to acquire, it does him no good However, when he had had his say about the pernicious effects of paternalism in government, Secretary Morton told me a bureau of domestic economy already exists in embryo and gave me advance sheets of Prof. Atwater's first report on the nutritive value and cost of foods, also a report of Edward Atkinson on nutritive cookery. Prof. Atwater has been pretty generally suspected of a subsidized, sensational ambition to discover in the study of nutri-ments the possibility of inclosing the es-sential elements of a square meal in a sugar-coated pill, to be taken three times a day, thus reducing the servant question and boarding house business to an absurdity. As a matter of fact, his report contains information which housekeepers have hitherto been able to acquire only through long, expensive experience. The stale joke about Vassar girls buying beefsteak by the yard has its origin in fact. A woman can't buy meat and vegetables economically by instinct. Therefore, Prof. At-water has provided a set of tables showing the composition of different food materials.

Nutritive Value, Not Price. He takes one after another material and designates the relative refuse and edible portion it contains. He previously makes clear that a certain quantity of certain chemical elements in certain ratio is necessary to support life. Then, in these tables, he resolves the edible portion of foods named into the relative amount of the several essential elements each contains. With this information, then, the new housekeeper is able to practice true economy-that is. be guided in the selection of food materials not by the price per pound, but by the nutritive value of what she buys. For instance, Prof. Atwater shows that fresh meat contains a less per cent of nitrogenous substances than cheese. It is also more costly. A housekeeper having to economize, then, may so combine cheese with her dinner as to do with less meat, and at the same time give her family the nourishment they require. Likewise, in the matter of vegetables, beans, peas, lentils may be substituted for meat, without any sacrifice of the nutritive element that meat contains. Thus, by the aid of Prof. At-water's tables, the inexperienced house-keeper may provide for her table as satisfactorily and with as little waste as her mother.
Supplemental to this knowledge of the

nutritive value of foods is Edward Atkinson's suggestions regarding the cooking of food. Dr. Atkinson has invented a means for the application of heat to food, which he calls the Aladdin oven. The principle of this invention he has given to the public, and it consists in providing a non-heat-conducting chamber to which heat may be conveyed by measure and maintained at an

This apparatus is designed to overcome the irregularities of the uncertain cook stove, and the indigestibilities of quick under-done cooking. With it Dr. Atkinson claims that all else that is required to be good cook is one part of food and one part of gumption One godly man to eat the cooking occurs to me as another requisite to begin with, but, of course, Dr. Atkinson's experiments

were conducted in New England, where a around us any more comforts. be considered. However, I'm going to have one of the Aladdin ovens; I'm going to have every other new thing in housekeeping that in the least recommends itself to reason, and I'm going to set to keeping house on the

principle-don't do anything that you can get anybody to do for you. If, ultimately, I do not develop a science of good house-keeping in place of the chaotic conditions that make women slaves in their homes I'll-well, if I don't I'll meekly score a failure for PAULINE PRY.

THE WOMAN'S PAJAMA.

It is Transformed Into a Thing of Beauty, but It is Still the Pajama.

From the New York Sun. Woman has made another invasion into the province of dress heretofore exclusively monopolized by man, and her great desire to avail herself of every opportunity to appropriate each and every article of his wardrobe to her use is shown again in a feminine adaptation of the useful pajama. To be sure, this neglige costume appears in a new guise, transformed into a thing of beauty, to gratify her more aesthetic taste,



by the use of lace, yards of satin ribbon and a blouse waist of the latest Parisian proportions, but it is a pajama still, with all the elements of comfort possessed by its more severe and unattractive prototype. It may be made of silk or a new material of silk and wool, white, striped with pale blue, and tied in at the waist, ankles, wrists and neck with blue satin ribbon. Lace frills give it a feminine touch of daintiness, and altogether it has much to recommend it for real service, especially in

taking long journeys. Deacon Hopeful's Idee.

From the Chicago Journal. Dear friends, when I am dead an' gone
Don't have no woeful takin's on,
Don't act so tarnally bereft,
As though they weren't no sunshine left,
Don't multiply your stock o' woes
By sorry looks an' gloomy clothes,
An' make the trouble ten times worse
By allers follerin' a hearse. By allers follerin' a hearse.

When I depart, it's my idee, The most consolin' thing ter me
'Id be to hear the ones I tried
'Ter comfort here before I died
'Bay, sort o' smilin' through their tears,
'Well, ennyhow, fer years an' years
We had him here, so let's be glad
'an' thankful fer the foy we had." It ain't no use ter make a fuss

The ways o' Providence, I 'low, are as they should be, ennyhow.
Things suft me purty middlin' well, an' even at a funeral I'd sing, amid the grief an' woe, 'Praise God, from whom all blessin's flow."

THE GUEST CHAMBER

A Little Thoughtfulfiess on the Part of the Hostess.

WANTS PLEASANTLY ANTICIPATED

What Can Be Done to Make a Guest Comfortable.

A ROOM DESCRIBED

Written Exclusively for The Evening Star.

SUPPOSE ONE never gets too old to ll learn. If one ever does get to that point in life when all the springs of knowledge have been drained dry, it must be a very uncomfortable kind of a position to occupy, and for my part I prefer to stay on this side the line; half the pleasure in life consists in learn-

ing something new. I got my knowledge second-hand this time, but it doesn't make much difference how you get it, so long as you are able to acquire it.

Last week Dorothy and Jennie went by invitation to a neighboring city to spend a couple of days with a newly married friend-a lady who has been about four months in her delightful little home, which is furnished like a jewel casket from top to bottom, and is just about as convenient as judicious and artistic taste can make it. I did not accompany them, and, as is

usually the case when I am not along to attend to her baggage, Dorothy lost her valise. As the stay was to be a short one, she and Jennie took a couple of evening bodices and their toilet appurtenances in one bag, so as to save bothering with two. It was midnight, because of a delayed train, before they got to Bessie's, and so after exchanging a few words of greeting, they were shown to their room. Of course, guest chambers in well-appointed nomes are pretty much all alike, but I think, from the glowing description that the girls gave of that one, that it must be vastly different from any I have ever seen, though I pride myself on being thoroughly conversant with the needs of guests, gen-

erally speaking. The girls informed Bessie of their loss, but she did not seem to be greatly con-cerned, and did not waken her one maid servant to attend to them, but did that kindly act herself, as was perfectly proper. When she threw open the door of the guest chamber they saw that the gas was burning dimly, and there was a fire in the grate. Bessie glanced about the room, and remarked that she thought they would find everything that they needed, kissed them good night, and departed, with the injunction to get to sleep as quickly as possible, as the morrow was to be a busy day.

"Dorothy and I were paralyzed when she shut the door," Jennie remarked. "We had in mind the hotel like bareness of the average company room, and wondered how on earth we were going to manage withnances. We had mildly intimated that we were minus those indispensable appliances, but, beyond expressing regret at our an-noyance, she didn't exert herself in the least. You know how it is, Sara, when unexpected company makes it necessary to hunt up extra combs and towels and things, but Bess never left us for a moment, and as she has but one maid, and we k she was getting her beauty sleep, we felt, when that chamber door closed, as though we were not quite welcome, or else our hos-"Instead of which, she is past master in the art," interpolated Dorothy. "When I

have a home of my own I intend to adopt her method of entertaining guests. Why, Sara, if we had been living in that room for a year, we couldn't have gathered man in the family is not so inevitably to husband has only a moderate salary, so sha has had plenty of opportunity to exercise economy, as well as to indulge her artistic Her guest's chamber has not a single costly thing in it. The furniture is a pretty oak, matching the hard pine floor, which is shellacked and covered by a handsome Japanese rug, which was che of her bridal presents, I think. The bed stood in a corner, and had a pretty tent-like canopy of silkaline falling from a ring in the celling over a slender iron frame work about the bed, which hid it entirely. There was a cozy corner with a box couch in it, which Bess confided to us she had manufactured herself from a long, flat packing case. It was covered with cream and brown cretonne, lined with cambric, and long enough to hold a lorg-trained gown, sup-plementing the closet which Bess has had built in the corner beside the chimney. It had piles of cushions, and was remarkably inviting. There were a dozen pictures on the walls, some of them framed in twists of crepe paper, two or three fastened at the corner with brass tacks and a bow of ribbon, and some on stiff cardboard hung with baby ribbon. There was an idea in floor cushions that I particularly liked. A square of heavy dark bed ticking, sewed with strong thread, was filled with bran, just as tight as it could be packed, and sewed up, then a brown demin cover, embroidered in red, was put over it just like a pillow slip, and buttoned at the side. There were three of those cushions, one other in red and one in blue. It was such a 'homey kind' of room, with an open grate, and the mantel of hard wood held a comical little clock, just a common dollar clock at that, but so furbelowed up by the skirts of a paper ballet dancer, from whose belt it seemed to hang like a chatelaine watch, that it wouldn't have known itself in the mirror."

Even a Work Basket. "You must not forget the desk," suggested Jennie, as Dorothy seemed to have run down. "It was a simple little lightwood desk, that probably cost about \$5. but, oh, the comfort of it. There were postal cards, and paper and envelopes, ink, pens, pencils, paper knife, blottereverything as complete as could be. Even to an almanac, instead of a calendar that usually tells you nothing only that yesterday was, today is and tomorrow will be."
"The toilet appointments were perfect, too," added Dorothy dreamily, as she drew a design on my new desk pad for her inended floor cushion. "Indeed they were," responded Jennie rith emphasis "There was a dainty little with emphasis

screen which completely hid the wash-stand, on which were soap - not horrid scented stuff, either-a dish of powdered borax, nail brush, a box of cold cream and one of vaseline, and another box of French shoe blacking. Harging on the rack were two crocheted wash cloths, with bath and face towels, and back of the pretty china bowl and pitcher; was a tiny little gas stove about as big as a quart measure, with a cute Dutch tea kettle standing on it, attached to the burner, all ready to heat water if we needed it. Oh, I came near forgetting the tearservice.
"Back in the angle left by the chimney

stood a little tea table with a tete-a-tete china service, a tea caddy, a jar of biscuits, a pot of jam and a bottle of olives! Only dear thoughtful soul like Bess would have remembered that Dorothy is devoted to iam and that I simply can't go to sleep without an olive or two to nibble on. there was a work basket. Think of a convenience like that in a guest chamber, will you, Sara! It would have been of litthe account to us, however, if it had not been well stocked. But it had white and black thread, needle book, some glove and shoe buttons, scissors, a twist of glove thread, darning cotton and a thimbie. We both had occasion to use that basket we both had occasion to use that basket before we dressed the next morning, as well as the pins in the cushion on the dressing case, in one of the drawers of which we found brushes, combs and hand mirror, and nail file, pad and nail powder. They were not in a fancy plush case, but plain articles, bought for their utility and could be a supplied to the control of the country of the control of the country of t

quality. Useful Book Covers.

"Of course, there was a dish of talcom powder and a bottle of fine cologne, apology if it were offered?

log-eared volumes littering up her neat blotter with those penciled colors. "Sh has three sets of embroidered covers-

a splendid idea."
"We haven't told you the chef d'oeuvre
of that perfectly delightful room yet,
though," Jennie went on. "We went to
the closet to hang up our wraps, and there
hung two pretty muslin night robes! Now,
you know that Bess is smaller than either of us, but those gowns were big enough for a small giantess. We were laughing about them the next morning, and asking Bess where she got the pattern, and she actually told us that those garments belonged to her guest chamber! She made them large purposely, so that they would fit a large woman, and, of course, a little one could wear them. She said that she made up her mind while traveling last summer that when she had a home of her own she would be prepared for all emergencies in the shape of unexpected guests, and be able to make them comfortable, profiting by some ludicrous experiences of ner own, when she was so unfortunate which is not at all hard to do on the con tinent, for the European system of checking is a hundred years behind the times.'

it may be necessary to shift members of the family to make room when friends kept in a box, cleaned with borax water of coarse tidy cotton, or to hem one out of a bit of old linen towel, and a clothes brush at hand will often save a thoughtful guest in a small house a good bit of worry about the dust on her gown or hat, for if one is occasions a five-minute revolution in th And, above all things, provide your guess with hot water for the bath, if there is no private bath for her. A spirit lamp, an oi

arranged for hot and cold water. Saves Annoyance.

servce in my room it would have saved me a headache. It is the duty of a hostess to give to he guest a cheerful and hospitable welcome It is not pleasant nor convenient to have one's guest always "under foot," is necessary to make her comfortable in her own room. If the guest is thoughtful she probably has all her little toilet belongwith her, and those of her hostess are left untouched. If, on the contrary, she has in the haste of packing left something out, she is saved the annoyance of doing without it, or the disagreeable alternative of asking her hostess to furnish it until such time as she can purchase it, and then there always comes the thought that perhaps your hostess has not the

occasion her annoyance.

14th Street and New York Avenue

Will Have Three Lines of Cars. "The intersection of 14th street and New York avenue will soon become one of the most dangerous crossings to be found anywhere," said an engineer to a Star reporter. "At that point six tracks will cross

"You may imagine for yourself what that crossing will be like when the state of affairs I have described comes to pass. To dodge the cars going this way and that will be difficult. A horse car is always ever so much more safe than any kind of vehicle run on the streets by machinery Horses are as reluctant to run over anybody as is the foot passenger to be run over. But the machine does not care, and the man at the grip or motor is very apt to lose his head. If he sees a child just in front, it is a large chance that he will do

"It has been suggested that a footway might be dug beneath the crossing at 14th street and New York avenue, in order that pedestrians should not be obliged to go over the tracks at all. As a matter fact, if such a convenience were provided nineteen out of every twenty persons would prefer to cross at the level for the sake of saving time. But they would do so at their own risk, and the railways would not be liable under the law.

"Perhaps the most dangerous crossing ness merely to warn or thrust off thought tects against their own thoughtlessnes a good-natured giant and does not mind it

Of Course She Would. From the Iowa Falls Citizen.

Belle-"Well, wouldn't you accept an

hand-painted satin banner, under which, on a thick card, were the breakfast, dinner and luncheon hours, and another card small hanging shelf was a Russia-bound Bible, a prayer book, a small dictionary, two or three poets and half a dozen paper-bound copies of the latest works of fiction. By the way, Sara, there is an idea that you would like, I am sure. Bessie makes covers for her paper-bound books— those that she likes—and they look so much neater and don't wear out so fast. She gets dark gray drilling and cuts the back so that it laps over the edge of the paper back, then she takes red embroidery cotton and runs the title of the book on the front, and with a light touch of flour paste, fastens the drillings to the paper cover, down the back and over the edges. Sometimes she runs the cover on the paper back all along the edges with the cotton. You have no idea what a neat-looking book it makes, and she never has any

"She brought the book-cover fad back from Paris with her in the summer," re-marked Dorothy, as she concluded to try the effect of braiding her cushion in blue and red and further embellished by desk brown linen done in red-made as we used to make covers for our school books and fitted to the covers of the three magazines she takes. As soon as a fresh magazine comes she puts the old ones away, slips the cover on the new one and it is kept fresh and clean for binding. I think it is a splendid idea."

All Very Fine. Of course to the wealthy woman who has a maid to superintend her packing and watch all the bags and bundles in transit and then to arrange everything for her in the grand rooms placed at her disposal in hotel or house of her friend, the furnishing of the guest chamber seems a trivial matter to discuss. But suppose madam loses her maid and her baggage! What then? I happen to know from some cold experiences of my own that blunders will be made and mistakes will occur. I found myself a late arrival one night in a home of wealth, and as my friend was ill I was shown to my room, my bag sent up and I left for the night, only to discover when the house was quiet and the lights all out that Dick had gone on his journey with my bag, while he had carefully deposited his shirt case in the carriage that was sent to meet me at the station! There was not a comb, brush, wash cloth or bit of soap in the splendid rcom and not even an old newspaper in the bottom of a dresser drawer for me to read while I was trying to calm my tired nerves sufficiently to sleep between exquisitely fine linen sheets under a downlined silk coverlid. After that experience I remembered to supply my guests with many things that I had never before thought of, but Bessie's treatment of "the stranger within the gates" has given me a lot mor

come to stop with us, but we can always be ready for them if we choose. Instead of the writing desk, a neat little portfolio, made by one of the deft-handed daughters of the house, perhaps, can always be kept stocked with writing materials, ready to carry to the room assigned the guest. There can always be a set of toilet articles after each guest has gone, of course, but used for no other purpose; it is only a mat-ter of an hour to crochet a wash cloth out without that very necessary article it often nouse before one can be found on request. stove, or a tiny gas stove-any one of them inconspicuous—will cost not above a dollar, and be invaluable in a house not

Then the tea service and biscuit! I call that a brilliant idea. I have been a guest in houses where I got so hungry, after unusual exertion of calling or walking, that I was actually ill-tempered, but disliked to ask for a "bite," and had to wait for dinner or luncheon. If I had had a tiny tea

thing you want, and asking for it may

SENORA SARA.

DANGER AT THE CROSSING.

each other, on all of which cars will be running by power other than that of horses. Two of the three roads owning these tracks will use cables, while the third will employ electricity.

the wrong thing.

in the world is at Union Square, New York city, where the Broadway cars turn around the corner. At that point stands a man of herculean build, who saves on an average about a dozen lives a day. It is his busiless people who get in the way of the cable trains. Some of those whom he thus procurse him heartily for his pains, but he is A dozen or more of the largest men in the United States are regularly employed, in policemen's uniforms, to prevent people from being run over of the metropolis."

Nell-"Mr. Sillious is only an apology for a man."

Hanging beside the dressing case was a SOME EVENING DRESSES it up in coffers where nobody gets the ben-

with the railway time table on it. On a The Styles Suitable for Theater and Party

Material That is Appropriate for Waists-Wraps That Are Either Long or Short.

A becoming theater gown is the desire of every woman's heart, yet, strange as it may seem, very few women possess them. It is really easy to accomplish, if women were only informed. Full dress should rever be worn at the play-not even in a box. A woman may put on her nudest bodice and supplement its deficiencies with all the jewels in her casket for the opera,



indulge in the latest frenzy of coiffure and talk in her loudest key when a worldfamed cantatrice is warbling, but when the tragedian stalks the stage, or Alonzo weeps melodramatically at Melissa's feet, she must veil her charms and give her jewels a

It is perfectly useless to ask why, be-



cause nobody knows. It is one of the unwritten laws observed by good society, and that ought to be all sufficient. It may be that ought to be all sufficient. It may be sensory impressions depends; two-thirds of that this custom will undergo a change in the cerebral cortex have nothing to do



Pink Taffeta and Black Lace. sit in the body of the house with bared shoulders. But now full dress is being worn in New York by society women who have forsaken the boxes for orchestra seats



bony anatomy can now be studied at short range. It is doubtful if the change is altogether agreeable, for distance certainly does lend enchantment to the average of uncovered shoulders. Of course, with evening dress no bonnets or hats are worn, and in that respect the decollete woman is flailed with delight—if she has sense enough to know that bonnet and bare shoulders do

not go together.

Even with the most elaborate toilets the bedice is the only fancy thing. The skirts are usually some dark silk or satin, made simply and without trains, and are unned. The materials employed in the evening bodice are legion. You can employ any fabric you like, if you are only careful to get a becoming color. White is a great favorite, both for debutantes and for older women. The bud chooses chiffon, silk mull, tulle-than which there never was a prettier material for young girls—and the soft shimmery silks of exquisitely fine tex-ture. The older woman chooses thick, lustrous satin, heavy begalines, thick, boardlike silks, and even white velvet. She brightens it up with puffed sleeves and knots of velvet next her skin, however, if she is wise, for opaque white close to a wo-man's face ages her ten years. Satin is really the favored material of the season, and satin brocade comes next.

Evening wraps are either very short or go to the other extreme and cover the wearer from cars to toes. The short wrap is oftenest of black velvet, cut with full godet folds and lined with rich brocades or fur. The fronts are surplice effect and are supposed to fall nearly to the feet. The long wraps are dreams of beauty, in their long gracefully flowing lines, and are formed of the most elegant fabrics, large flowered satin brocades lined with chinchilla, silver woven satins, and rich moire. The styles are wide to completely cover widening skirts, and the wrap is often bordered with ermine, the fur that has always been sacred to royalty. Fans are not nearly as large as for several seasons past, the empire styles predominating. It is the empire styles predominating. It is quite a fad to have these made of the silk of some favorite dress, and painted with a personally selected design, by some celebrated artist. These caprices are, of slittle girl, busy working a pair of slittle girl, busy working a p

For a theater waist for a young girl who is not yet "out," so must appear in subdued styles, a waist of red satin that has no other trimming than bretelles of itself. and some red satin bows would be very pretty. For her debutante sister, a bodice ow white satin, with sleeves of white satin barred with threads of silver, and trimmed with frost-like lace, would be simply exquisite.

A dainty bodice of pink Japanese silk will combine well with pink taffeta, dotted with black, and with black lace garniture and black satin ribbons makes an elegant bodice to wear with a black silk skirt. Another dressy bodice is of pink silk shot with dark green, the upper part made of pink, with a collarette of the pink and an odd fancy lace going around the shoulders and across the front of the waist. It is belted with pink, and may be worn with a pink, green or white skirt. A knot of rib-bon pulled through the hair, which is done high, makes a pretty coffure. It is no longer considered good taste to wear large hats to the play. Very small bonnets, or none at all, are the rule. The exception stamps the infrequent attendants of evening functions.

BRAIN PHYSIOLOGY

Flechsig's Intellectual Link-A Remarkable Discovery.

From the London Standard. In the physiology of the brain a step forward has lately been taken which renders the problem of intellectual activity considerably more intelligible. The Leipsic specialist for diseases of the mind, Prof. Flechsig, at present director of the university, has lately discovered that within the surface of the cerebrum four connected complexes are definable, closely resembling one another, but essentially differing from the other parts of the cerebrum in anatomical structure. These four centers lie in the fore part of the frontal cerebrum, in the temporal lobe, in the hinder parietal lobe, and in the lobule. The extraordinary development of these centers essentially distinguishes the human brain from that of the lower animals. Flechsig calls them "intellectual centers," or "centers of asso-

clation," because they concentrate the activities of the organs of sense into higher

These centers do not exist in new-born children. Not till months later, when all the rest of the cerebral substance has become modulated, do these centers, with which the child begins to think, develop. The "centers of association" are connected by numerous systems of fibers. Flechsig draws a contrast between them and the "centers of sense," the centers of sight, hearing, smell, touch, etc., which produce lower units. They receive the perceptions which are conveyed to the brain by the external organs of sense. In the centers of sense originates sensation. It is only in the centers of association, however, with which they are connected by innumerable nerve fibers, that their contents are converted into thoughts. The activity of the centers of sense is directed outward; that is they receive the impulse to the exercise of their functions from without. The centers of association, on the other hand, only es-tablish the "intellectual link" between the centers of sense; they elaborate the impressions of the senses, their activity is directed wholly inward, they are the bear-ers of all that we call experience, knowledge, cognizance, principles and higher feel-ings, and also of language. The importance of these centers appears

very clearly if we follow their development

in new-born children. When the inner de-

velopment of the centers of sense is com-pleted after the third month the intellectual centers begin gradually to form, and more and more nerve fibers shoot forth from the centers of sense into those new regions, ending close to one another in the cerebral cortex. Only about cue-third of the cerebral cortex is directly connected with those nerve fibers, on which consciousness of out combs, brushes, soap, night dresses and the other necessary toilet appurtenances. We had mildly intimated that we name to inctly shows a collegiate constitution: its counsellors are grouped in two senates, the members of one of which bear names such as sight, hearing, etc., while those of the others are called centers of association. The latter, however, are, like the former nct of equal importance. In complicated intellectual work, indeed, they probably work all four together, but pathological experience shows us that one center may be intact while another is disturbed; the language for instance may be confused. guage, for instance, may be confused, while the apprehension of the outer world not yet perceptibly altered; or, on the other hand, the language may seem corect, whereas the conceptions combine to form utterly senseless delusions. The pow-er of expressing knowledge by language evidently depends upon another center than the power of grasping the natural connec tion of things. Mental diseases are caused by the destruction of the centers of association. Thus Flechsig has proved that socalled softening of the brain (dementia paralytica) is restricted for the most part to alterations in the intellectual regions and is caused by atrophy of the nerve

WASHINGTON IN 1838.

fibers. Therefore the thoughts get into

confused entanglement, the power of re-

membering is lost, and the mind produces

A Visit to This City by the Son of Louis Phillipe.

new_and strange images.

Prince de Joinville's Memoirs.

I traveled through Virginia, passing by all those spots where four-and-twenty years later I was to watch the bloodiest battles of the war of secession, that first and awful convulsion of the great republic's manhood. Reaching Washington I was most courtecusly received by President Van Buren. How often since then I have been back at the White House under Presidents Tyler. Buchanan and Lincoln. How many a curious scene I have witnessed there, under the rule of the last named President, rich as it was in dramatic incident. During the first day of my stay at Washington I made the acquaintance of three of the greatest men in the United States-Calhoun, Webster and Clay-Calhoun of Carolina, the im-passioned southerner; Webster, the elo-quent representative of New England Puritanism, and Clay of Kentucky, with his angular face and powerful frame and a curious mixture of extreme gentleness and energy in his manner and ways-the very type of the western population, the advance guard of civilization. I was present at several sittings of the Senate and heard these gentlemen speak with an authority which seemed to fascinate their auditors. Washington as a city did not interest me at all-bits of town scattered about in an ocean of dust, which later on I knew as an ocean of mud hotels crowded with canvassers, all devouring so hurriedly at table d'hote time that the first arrivals were rising from the table when the last ones were sitting down, and all this amidst a noise of jaws that reminded me of the dogs being fed in a kennel; the whole population, whether politicians or canvassers, chewing and spitting everywhere; little society or none at all, save that formed by the foreign diplomats, most of them clever men, but bored by their isolation and consequently disposed to see everything around them with unfavoring eyes. One chief members of this society at the time of my sojourn was the British minister, Mr. Fox, a diplomatist of the old school, past master in the forms and proprieties and social refinements—everything that the English sum up in the word "proper." I was told that one day he was leaning against the chimney-piece in a drawing room where dancing was going on, in deep conversation with I know not what other personage, when an American couple came and stood just in front of him in a country dance. Soon the young man began to show signs of anxiety, his voice grew cheeks swelled alternately and he cast anxious glances at the chimney-piece. At last he could hold on no longer, and with the most admirable precision he the juice of his guid into the fireplace just between Mr. Fox and his interlocutor.

cast a chill on international relations. Just Like Him.

"Fine shot, sir." the old diplomat contented

himself with saying, with a bow. It may

have been that little incidents of this kind

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Ethel-"You remember that absurd-looking monkey we saw on the street?"

"Well, it's just like him."

course, quite costly, but one should not object to that. It is better to put the money in circulation that way than to shut grandfather, said to a little playmate: "Ah! you are well off, you are; your money in circulation that way than to shut